A new Enterlude, neuer before this tyme imprinted, entreating of the Life and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalene: not only godlie, learned and fruitefull, but also well furnished with pleasaunt mirth and pastime, very delectable for those which shall heare or reade the same.

Made by the learned clarke

Lewis Wager.

The names of the Players.

Infidelitie the Vice.
Marie Magdalene.
Pride of life.
Cupiditie.
Carnall Concupiscence.
Simon the Pharisie.
Malicious Judgement.
The Lawe.
Knowledge of sinne.
Christ Jesus.
Fayth.
Repentaunce.
Justification.
Loue.

Foure may easely play this Enterlude.

Imprinted at London, by Iohn Charlevvood, dwelling in Barbican, at the signe of the halfe Eagle and the Key. Anno. 1567.

Nulla tam modesta felicitas est
Quæ malignantis dentes vitare possit.

NO state of man, be it neuer so modest,
Neuer so vnrebukeable and blameleſſe,
No perſon, be he neuer ſo good and honeſt,
Can eſcape at any ſeaſon how harmeleſſe,
But the wicked teeth of ſuche as be ſhameleſſe,
Are ready moſt malicioully him for to byte,
Like as Valerius in his fourth booke doth write.
We and other perſons haue exerciſed
This comely and good facultie a long ſeaſon,
Which of ſome haue bene ſpitefully deſpiſed,
Wherefore I thinke they can alleage no reaſon,
Where affect ruleth, there good iudgemēt is geaſon.
They neuer learned the verſe of Horace doubtleſs,
Nec tua laudabis ſtudia, aut aliena reprehendes,
Thou ſhalt neither praiſe thyne owne induſtrie,
Nor yet the labour of other men reprehend,
The one procedeth of a proude arrogancie,
And the other from enuie, which doth diſcommend,
All thyngs that vertuous perſons doe intend.
For enuill will neuer ſaid well, they do ſay,
And worſe tungs were neuer heard before this day.
I marueil why they ſhould detract our facultie:
We haue ridden and gone many ſundry waies,
Yea, we haue vſed this feate at the vniuerſitie,
Yet neither wiſe nor learned would it diſpraiſe:
But it hath ben perceiued euer before our dayes,

That foles loue nothing worse thā foles to be called.
A horse will kick if you touche where he is galled.
Doth not our facultie learnedly extoll vertue?
Doth it not teache, God to be praised aboue al thing?
What facultie doth vice more earnestly subdue?
Doth it not teache true obedience to the kyng?
What godly sentences to the mynde doth it bryng?
I saie, there was neuer thyng inuented
More worthy, for mans solace to be frequented.
Hypocrites that wold not haue their fautes reueled
Imagine slaunder our facultie to let,
Faine wold they haue their wickednes still concealed
Therfore maliciously against vs they be set,
O (say they) muche money they doe get.
Truely I say, whether you geue halfpence or pence,
Your gayne shalbe double, before you depart hence.
Is wisedom no more worth than a peny trow you?
Scripture calleth the price therof incomparable.
Here may you learne godly Sapience now,
Which to body and soule shal be profitable.
To no person truly we couet to be chargeable,
For we shall thinke to haue sufficient recompence,
If ye take in good worth our simple diligence.
In this matter whiche we are about to recite,
The ignorant may learne what is true beleue,
Wherof the Apostles of Christ do largely write,
Whose instructions here to you we wil geue,
Here an example of penance the heart to grieue,
May be lerned, a loue which from Faith doth spring,
Authoritie of Scripture for the same we will bring.
Of the Gospell we shall rehearse a fruictfull story,
Written in the. vii. of Luke with wordes playne

The

The ſtorie of a woman that was right ſory
For that ſhe had ſpent her life in ſinne vile and vain,
By Chriſtes preachyng ſhe was conuerted agayn,
To be truly penitent by hir fruictes ſhe declared,
And to ſhew hir ſelf a ſinner ſhe neuer ſpared.
Hir name was called Mary of Magdalene,
So named of the title of hir poſſeſſion,
Out of hir Chriſt reiected. vii. ſpirites vncleane,
As Mark and Luke make open profeſſion.
Doctours of high learnyng, witte, and diſcretion,
Of hir diuers and many ſentences doe write,
Whiche in this matter we intend now to recite.
Of the place aforeſaid, with the circumſtance,
Onely in this matter (God willing) we will treate.
Where we will ſhewe that great was hir repentance,
And that hir loue towards Chriſt was alſo as great.
Hir ſinne did not hir conſcience ſo greuouſly treate,
But that Faith erected hir heart again to beleue,
That God for Chriſts ſake wold all hir ſins forgeue.
We deſire no man in this poynt to be offended,
In that vertues with vice we ſhall here introduce,
For in men and women they haue depended:
And therfore figuratiuely to ſpeake, it is the vſe.
I truſt that all wiſe men will accept our excuſe.
Of the Preface for this ſeaſon here I make an ende,
In godly myrth to ſpend the tyme we doe intende.

The ende of the Preface.

Here entreth Infidelitie the vice.

Infidelitie. WIth heigh down down and downe a down a,
Saluator mundi Domine, Kyrieleyson,
Ite Missa est, with pipe vp Alleluya.
Sed libera nos à malo, and so let vs be at one.
Then euery man brought in his owne dishe,
Lord God we had wonderfull good fare,
I warrant you there was plentie of flesshe and fishe,
Go to, I beshrew your heart and if you spare.
A gods name I was set vp at the hye deace,
Come vp syr, sayd euery body vnto me:
Like an honest man I had the fyrst meace,
Glad was he that might my proper person see.
When we had dined, euery man to horsebacke,
And so vp vnto the mount of Caluarie,
I trow you neuer heard of suche a knacke,
Muche woe had some of vs to scape the pillorie.
But when we came to hye Jerusalem,
Who then but I maister Infidelitie?
Mary I was not so called among them,
No, I haue a name more nigher the veritie.
In Jurie, Moysaicall Justice is my name,
I would haue them iustified by the lawe,
It is playne infidelitie to beleue the same,
What then? from the faithe I doe them withdraw.
There is one come into the countrey of late,
Called Christ, the sonne of God, the Jewes Messias
Of the kyngdome of God he begynneth to prate,
But he shall neuer bryng his purpose to passe,
No, I Infidelitie stick so much in the Jewes harts,
That his doctrine and wonders they wyl not beleue,

I war-

I warant that the chiefe rulers in these partes,
Will deuise somewhat his body to mischeue.
Infidelitie, no beware of me Infidelitie,
Like as Faith is the roote of all goodnesse,
So am I the head of all iniquitie,
The well and spryng of all wickednesse.
Mary syr, yet I conuey my matters cleane,
Like as I haue a visour of vertue,
So my impes, whiche vnto my person do leane,
The visour of honestie doth endue.
As these, Pride I vse to call cleanlynesse,
Enuie I colour with the face of prudence,
Wrathe putteth on the coate of manlynesse,
Couetise is profite in euery mans sentence.
Slouth or idlenesse I paint out with quiete,
Gluttonie or excesse I name honest chere,
Lechery vsed for many mens diete,
I set on with the face of loue both farre and nere.
How saie you to Infidelitie once agayne:
Infidelitie all mens heartes doe occupie:
Infidelitie now aboue true Faith doth remayne,
And shall do to the worldes ende, I thinke verily.
Yea, that same Messias doth many things,
Yet I will so occupy the rulers myndes,
Bothe of bysshops, pharyseys, elders and kyngs,
That fewe or none of them shalbe his frendes.

Here entreth Mary Magdalene, trifling with her garmentes.

I beshrew his heart naughtye folishe knaue, Marye Magdalene.
The most bungarliest tailers in this countrie,
That be in the worlde I thinke, so God me saue,
Not a garment can they make for my degree.

Haue

Haue you euer ſene an ouerbody thus ſytte?
Nowe a miſchief on his dronken knaues eare,
The knaues drynke till they haue loſt theyr wytte,
And then they marre vtterly a bodies geare.
I had liefer than .xx. ſhillings by this light
That I had him here now in my fume and heate.
What, I am aſhamed to come in any mans ſight,
Thinke you in the waſte I am ſo great?
Nay by gis twentie ſhillings I dare holde,
That there is not a gentlewoman in this land,
Moze prapze than I in the waſte I dare be bolde,
They be my garmentes that ſo bungarly do ſtand.
Beſhzew his heart once agayne with all my hart,
Is this geare no better than to caſt away?
Let hym truſt to it, I will make him to ſmart.
Foz marryng of my geare he ſhall ſurely pay.

Infidelitie. God fozbyd miſtreſſe Mary, ſo you ſo tender & yong
Foz marryng of your geare he is greatly to blame.

Mary. What haue you to do, holde your bablyng tong,
Haue you any thyng to doe with the ſame?

Infidelitie. Theſe vnhappy tailozs I trowe be acurſt,
Moſt cõmonly when they make gentlewomẽs geare
In the myddes they ſet the piece that is wozſt.
yea that is the faſhion of them euery where.
The wozſt piece is in the mydſt of your garment,
And it is pieced into it ſo vnhappily,
That by my trouthe it is paſt amendement,
Meddle with it, and you ſpyll it vtterly.

Mary. Speake you in erneſt, oz I pzay you do you mock?
Trow you that my garment can not be amended?

Infidelitie. Mock? I know that you come of a wozſhipful ſtock.
He that mocketh you ought to be repzehended,

Of

Of taylers craft I tell you I haue some skill,
And if I shold medle with ỹ pece that is in the midst,
I should make it worse or at the least as yll:
Therfore to let it alone as it is, I iudge it best,
Naught it is, and so you may weare it out,
Though it be new, it will be soone worne.
It were almose to hang suche a foolishe loute, Mary.
All they that see me now, will laugh me to scorne,
No gentlewoman is ordred in this wyse,
My maydens on the other side are suche sluts,
That if I should not for myne owne clothes deuise,
Within a while they would not be worth a couple of nuts
Of my trouth it wer pitie in myne opinion Infidelitie.
But that your geare should be well trimmed,
For you are well fauoured, and a prety mynion,
Feate, cleane made, wel compact, and aptly lymmed.
In Jerusalem there is not I dare say,
A sweter countenance, nor a more louyng face,
Freshe and flourishyng as the floures in May,
I haue not sene a gētlewomā of a more goodly grace
Your parents I know, were very honorable,
Whiche haue left you worshipfully to lyue here,
And certainly I iudge it very commendable.
That with your owne you can make good chere.
I thanke you for your good worde gentle friend, Mary.
And forasmuch as you did know my parentes,
I can no lesse doe than loue you with all my mynd,
Redy to do you pleasure at your cōmandementes.
Verba puellarum foliis leuiora caducis, Infidelitie.
The promise of maidens, the Poet doth say,
Be as stable as a weake leafe in the wynde,
Like as a small blast bloweth a feather away,

So a faire word truely chaungeth a maidens mynd.
Forsothe I thanke you, O louyng wordme, good lord,
yea, I knew your fathers state and condition,
The nobilitie of Jurie can beare me record,
That he was a man of a worshipfull disposition.
Iwis mystresse Marie, I had you in myne armes,
Before you were. iii. yeares of age without doubt,
I preserued you many tymes from sore harmes,
Which in your childhode your enimies went about.
A gentlewoman of noble byrth as I doe thinke
Should haue seruants alwais at her cõmaundemẽt,
you are able to geue to many both meate and drinke,
yea honest wages, and also necessary raiment.

Mary. I perceiue right well that you owe me good will,
Tendryng my worshipfull state and dignitie:
you see that I am yong and can little skill
To prouide for myne owne honor and vtilitie.
Wherfore I pray you in all thyngs counsell to haue,
After what sort I may leade a pleasant life here,
And looke what it pleaseth you of me to craue,
I will geue it you gladly, as it shall appere.

Infidelitie. Say you so mistresse Mary, wil you put me in trust
In faith I will tell you, you can not trust a wiser,
you shall liue pleasantly, euen at your hearts lust,
If you make me your counseller and deuiser.
Remember that you are yong and full of dalliance
Lusty, courageous, fayre, beautifull and wise.
I will haue you to attempt all kyndes of pastance,
Vsyng all pleasure at your owne heartes deuise.
Do you thinke that it is not more than madnesse,
The lusty and pleasant life of a mans youth,
Miserably to passe away in study and sadnesse,

It

It is extreme foly mistresse Mary for a truth.
Be ye mery, and put away all fantasies,
One thyng is this, you shal neuer be yonger in dede,
Your bodily pleasure I would haue you to exercise,
Sure you are of worldly substance neuer to nede.
Certainly my parents brought me vp in chyldhod, Mary.
In vertuous qualities, and godly literature,
And also they bestowed vpon me muche good
To haue me nourtred in noble ornature.
But euermore they were vnto me very tender,
They would not suffer the wynde on me to blowe,
My requests they would always to me render,
Wherby I knew ỳ good will that to me they did owe.
At their departing, their goodes they distributed
Among vs their children, whom they did well loue,
But me as their dearlyng, they most reputed,
And gaue me the greatest part, as it did behoue.
Puellæ pestis, indulgentia parentum, Inside
Of parentes the tender and carnall sufferance, little.
Is to yong maidens a very pestilence.
It is a prouocation and furtherance,
Unto all lust and fleshly concupiscence.
O mistresse Mary, your parentes dyd see,
That you were beautifull and well fauoured:
They did right well as it semeth me,
That so worshipfully they haue you furthered.
As I vnderstand, you haue in your possession
The whole castel of Magdalene, with the purtenãce,
Which you may rule at your discretion,
And obtaine therby riches in abundance.
O what worldly pleasure can you want,
What commodities haue you of your owne?

About Jerusalem is not suche a plant,
As to me and many other is well knowen,
It were decent I saye, to vse the fruition
Of suche richesse as is left you here,
you neuer heard in any erudition,
But that one with his own should make good chere.

Mary. By my trouth so would I, if I perfectly knew
Which way I should good chere makyng begyn,
A lusty disposition from me doth ensue:
But without councell, I am not worth a pyn.

Infidelitie. Councell in you shall want no councell in dede,
I know where a certayne company is,
Whiche can geue suche councell in tyme of nede,
That you folowyng them can neuer spede amys.

Mary. Nowe I pray you helpe me to that company,
And looke what I am able to do for your pleasure,
you shall haue it I promise you verily,
Yea, whether it be landes, golde, or treasure.

Infidelitie. The truth is so, they whom nowe I speake of,
Are persons of great honor and nobilitie,
Felowes that loue neither to dally nor scoffe,
But at once will tell you the veritie.

Mary. Men of honour say you: tell me I you desire,
Can you cause them trowe you thortly to be here:
I wyll goe and prouide some other attire,
That accordyng to my byrthe I may appere.

Infidelitie. Byrth: faith of my body, you are well arayde,
I warrant you with these clothes they wil be content
They had liefer haue you naked, be not afrayde,
Then with your best holy day garment.

Mary. you are a mery man in dede, you are a wanton,
I will go and returne agayne by and by,

As I am, I would with all my heart be known,
So that I might be pleſant to euery mans eye.
I pray you heartily that I may be ſo bold Infide-
To haue a kiſſe or two before you doe depart, litie.
If a kiſſe were worth a hundred pound of gold, Mary.
you ſhould haue it euen with my very heart. Exit.
I thanke you miſtreſſe Mary by my maydenhood, Infide-
Lord what a pleaſant kyſſe was this of you: litie.
Take her with you, I warant you wil neuer be good
She is geuen to it, I make God auow.
And I trow I ſhall helpe to ſet her forward.
Shortly my ofſpryng and I ſhall her ſo dreſſe,
That neither law nor prophets ſhe ſhall regard,
No though the ſonne of God to her them expreſſe.
Infidelitie is my name, you know in dede,
Properly I am called the Serpents ſede,
Loke in whoſe heart my father Sathan doth me ſow
There muſt all iniquitie and vice nedes growe,
The conſcience where I dwell is a receptacle,
For all the diuels in hell to haue their habitacle,
you ſhall ſee, that Maries heart within ſhort ſpace,
For the diuell hym ſelf ſhall be a dwellyng place,
I will ſo dreſſe her, that there ſhall not be a worſe.
To her the diuell at pleaſure ſhall haue his recourſe.
I will go and prepare for her ſuch a company,
As ſhall poiſon her with all kyndes of villanie.

Here entreth Pride of lyfe, Cupiditie,
and Carnall Concupiſcence.

Whether arte thou goyng nowe Infidelitee Pride.
Pride of Life now welcom, the ſpryng of iniquitie, Infide-
O pride of life, thou neuer vſeſt to go alone, litie.
Geue me your handes alſo I pray you one by one.

Welcome pride of life with my whole heart & mynde,
And thou art welcome Cupiditie myne owne friend:
What, myntkin carnall concupiscence,
Thou art welcome heartily by my conscience.

Pride. To see thee mery Infidelitie I am right glad.

Cupiditi When Infidelitie is in health, I can not be sad.

Carnall cõcupiscence. Infidelitie: O Infidelitie, myne owne infidelitie,
I am glad to see thee mery now for a suretie,
I maruell what thou dost in this place alone,
I thought that out of Jurie thou hadst ben gone.

Infidelitie. Out of Jurie: no carnall lust to thee I may tell
That with the chief princes now I do dwell:
The bishops, priestes and pharisies do me so retayne,
That the true sense of the lawe they do disdayne.

Pride of lyfe. In faith there is some knauery in mynde,
That here by thy selfe alone we doe thee fynde.

Cupiditi Infidelitie in our fathers cause is occupied,
As within a while it shall be verified.

Infidelitie. Am I? you would say so if ye knew all,
I was goyng forth you to call,
Know you not a wenche called Mary Magdalene?

Pride. Do I know hir? she is a prety wenche and a cleane.
Since she had discretion hir haue I knowne,
Mary Magdalen (quod he) in dede she is myne own
It is as proude a litle gyrle truely I thinke,
As euer men sawe in this world eate or drinke.

Cupiditi And somwhat to do with hir now and then I haue
I allure hir for hir owne profite alway to saue.
I haue dressed hir so well truely I beleue,
That alredy for Gods sake nothyng she will gene.

Carnall concu. For my part in hir I haue kindled such a fyre,
That she beginneth to burn in carnall desyre.

Tush

Tushe, as yet you haue but hir mynde moued, Infide.
Whom she may forsake if she be reproued: litie.
But I would haue hir cleaue vnto you so fast,
That she shall not forsake you while her life doth last
If then be once rooted within the hart, Pride.
Then maist thou make an entrance by thy craft & art
So that we may come into hir at pleasure,
Fillyng hir with wickednesse beyond all measure.
In vs foure without faile be contained
As many vices as euer in this world raigned.
Now if we by thy meanes may in hir remain,
She shall be sure all kyndes of vices to contain.
Within my selfe you know that I contain a lord, Car. con
Whiche by name before you here I will report.
My name is carnall concupiscence or desyre,
Which all the pleasures of the flesche doth require.
First the flesche to nourishe with drinke and meate
Without abstinence like a beast alway to eate,
To quaffe and drinke when there is no necessitie,
Joying in excesse, bealy chere, and ebrietie.
I containe in my selfe all kynd of lecherie,
Fornication, whoredom, and wicked adulterie,
Rape, incest, sacrilege, softnesse, and bestialitie,
Blyndnesse of mynde, with euery suche qualitie,
Inconstancie, headinesse, and inconsideration,
After the heartes poyson and filthy communication,
So then to the hate of God I do them bryng,
Causyng a loue in himself inordinatly to syng.
These and suche like I containe in my person.
Thus you see that carnall lust goeth neuer alone.
Thou hast reckned an abhominable rable, Infide.
Where thou dwellest, the deuyll may haue a stable. litie.

With

Cupiditi With thee I may boldly compare I trow,
For as many vices in me as in thee do grow.
You know that my name is called Cupiditie,
Whom Scripture calleth the roote of all iniquitie,
Infidelitie in dede is the seede of all syn,
But cupiditie openeth the gate, and letteth hym in:
I conteyne theft, deceate in sellyng and bying,
Periurie, rapine, dissimulation, and lying.
Hardinesse of heart otherwise called inhumanitie,
Inquietnesse of mynde falshode and vanitie,
In me is all vengeance enuie rankor and yre,
Murder, warre, treason, and gredie desyre.
I conteyne the wicked vices of vsurie,
Dice and card playing with all kynd of iniurie,
What mischiefe was there euer yet or synne,
But that cupiditie dyd it first of all begynne?

Infidelitie. There can not be a more fylthy place in hell,
Than that is, where as cupiditie doth dwell.

Cupiditi Yea, there is impietie, the contempt of Gods lawe,
His worde is no more regarded than a vile strawe.

Pride of lyfe. You contayne vices very wicked in dede,
But how wicked is he, frō whom al syn doth procede?
The beginning of syn, which doth mā frō god deuide
Scripture calleth it nothyng els but pride.
For I my selfe not onely conteyne you three,
But all vices in you, and that in euery degree,
Pride despiseth God, and committeth idolatrie
To God and man Pride is a very aduersarie,
I am full of boastyng, arrogancie, and vainglorie,
Enuious, and of all other mens wealth right sory:
Pride causeth obstinacie, and disobedience,
Yea, it engendreth idelnesse and negligence,

The

The truth of Gods prophets through tirãts of pride
Hath euer vnto this day ben cast aside:
The men of God pride hath spitefully reputed,
And with tirants alway the same persecuted.
Pride would neuer suffer any vertue to raigne,
But oppressed it with great malice and disdaine.
In a short summe & fewe wordes you shall know all,
Pride caused Lucifer from heauen to hell to fall.
Yea pride lost mankynd, and did him so infect,
That God from his fauour dyd him away reiect,
Where as pride is, a token it is euident,
That all other vices be euen there resident.
Where as you and all your offspryng doth dwell, Infidelitie.
There is a place for all the diuels in hell:
And playne it is, where as is suche fylthy sinne,
There euen in this world their hell doth begynne.
By such time as with vs Mary be furnished,
With the deuill him self she shall be replenished.
In our tragedie we may not vse our owne names, Pride.
For that would turne to al our rebukes and shames.
Pride with all thy abhominable store, Infidelitie.
At this tyme must be called Nobilitie and honor.
Very well, for these women that be vicious, Cupiditi
Are alwais high mynded and ambicious.
Neuer woman that could play a harlots part, Concupiscence.
Was either humble, or yet meke in hart.
Yea and the same loued alway cupiditie, Infidelitie.
Therfore thy name shall be called Vtilitie.
For hym a better name you could not expresse, Pryde.
For yll disposed women are alway mercyless.
They are alwais scraping, clawing, & gathering, Car. con cupiscẽce
To maintaine their liues in wickednesse and synne.

Infide. Carnall concupiscence shalbe called pleasure,
litie. And that pretie Marie loueth beyond all measure.
Pride. Infidelitie may not be called infidelitie.
Infide. No, we will worke with a litle more austeritie,
litie. Infidelitie for diuers respectes hath names diuers,
Of the which some of thē to you I purpose to reherse
With bishops, priests, scribes, seniors and pharisies,
And with as many as be of the Iewes degrees,
I am called Legall Iustice commonly:
For why by the lawe them selues they do iustifie.
It is playne Infidelitie so to beleue:
Therfore there, suche a name to my selfe I do gene.
I haue a garment correspondent to that name,
By the which I walke among them without blame.
With publicans and sinners of a carnall pretence,
I am somtime called cōsel, and somtime Prudence,
I cause them the wisedome of God to despise,
And for the flesche and the world wittily to deuise,
Prudence before Marie my name I will call,
Which to my suggestions will cause hir to fall:
A vesture I haue here to this garment correspondēt,
Lo here it is, a gowne I trowe conuenient.
Pride. For our honor I pray thee heartily doe it weare.
Infide. Mary did talke with me before in this geare,
litie. But bicause she shall the sooner to me apply,
put on a gowne & a cap. I will dresse me in these garments euen by and by.
How thynke you by me now in this aray?
Mary loueth them I tell you, that vse to go gay.
Cupiditi Then hadst thou nede to mend thy folysh cōtenāce
For thou lookest like one that hath lost his remēbrāce
Car. con cupiscēce With the one eye ouermuch thou vsest to winke,
That thou meanest som fraude therby they wyl thinke

He

He that loketh with one eie, & winketh with an other,
I would not truſt (ſay they) if he were my brother.
Lyke obſtinate Friers I temper my looke, Inſide.
Which had one eie on a wench, and an other on a boke litie.
Paſſion of God, behold, yonder commeth Marie.
See that in your tales none from other do varie.
It is a prety wenche that it is in dede, Pride.
Muche to intreate her, I thynke we ſhall not nede.
No, for I thinke ſhe is yll inough of hir ſelfe, Cupiditi
She ſeemeth to be a proude little elfe.
I pray you behold how ſhe trimmeth her geare: Car. con
She would haue all well about her euery where. cupiſcẽce
Maidẽs (quod ſhe:) there is no gẽtlewomã I wene Mary.
So accumbred as I am, for ſuch were neuer ſene:
Fie on them, in good faith they are to badde,
They would make ſome gentlewoman ſtark madde.
Like as I put of my geare, ſo I do it fynde,
And I can not tel how oft I haue told thẽ my mynd.
By the faith of my body if they do not amende,
To lay them on the bones ſurely I do intend.
Maxima quæquæ domus, ſeruis eſt plena ſuperbis, Inſide.
Euery great houſe, as the Poet doth ſay, litie.
Is full of naughtie ſeruantes both night and day.
you ſay truth ſir in dede, what old acquaintance: Mary.
Now for ſoth you were out of my remembrance:
you haue changed your aray ſince I was here,
I am glad to ſee you mery and of a good chere.
And I of yours miſtreſſe Mary with hart & mynd Inſide.
It is a ioy to ſee a gentlewoman ſo louyng and kynd litie.
Shall I be ſo bold to kiſſe you at our metyng:
What elſe: it is an honeſt maner of greetyng. Mary.
Pleaſeth it you to byd theſe gentlemen welcome: Inſidelit.

Mary. Yea forsoth, are they heartily all and some.
I will kysse you all for this gentlemans sake,
He is a friend of myne as I do hym take.

Pride. He is in dede, you may be sure mistresse Mary,
There is no man lyuyng can say the contrary.

Cupiditi He hath ben diligent to seke vs togither,
And for your sake he hath caused vs to come hither.

Car. con cupiscēce I dare say thus much, that he is your friende,
For he loueth you with his whole heart and mynde.
He hath ben diligent about your cause,
As it had bene his owne, and would neuer pause,
Till he had performed his desired request.

Mary. Which I am able to say is very honest.
A gentle friend at so little acquaintance,
Will you looke so much vnto my furtherance?
It seemeth then if by me you had ben benefited,
You would haue my kyndnesse gently requited.

Infidelitie. Quō magis tegitur, magis æstuat ignis
The more closely that you kepe fyre, no doubt
The more feruent it is when it breaketh out.

Mary. Wel friend, I know what you meane by that verse
What I wil do for you at this tyme I wil not reherse
But in one thyng truly I am muche to blame,
That all this tyme I haue not inquired your name.

Infidelitie. Swete mistresse Mary, I am called Prudence,
Or els Counsell, full of wisedome and science,
Here vnto you, honorable Honor I haue brought,
A person alway to be in your mynde and thought,
And this person is named Utilitie,
Very profitable for your commoditie,
Pleasure is the name of this Mynion,
Conuenient for you forsothe in myne opinion.

Pru-

Prudence, Honor, Utilitie, and Pleasure, Mary.
Oh who would desyre in this world more treasure,
Gramercy heart of gold for your great payne,
Truly of necessitie, I must kisse you once agayne.
Will you for that is the thyng that haue I wold, Infidelitie.
Euery kisse to me is worth a crowne of golde.
Leaue kissyng, & treate we of matters more ernest. Pryde.
Let vs reason of thyngs concerning your request,
Honor is my name, a qualitie for you requisite,
Or rather of honor I am an appetite:
On the which must be all your meditation,
With the hearts courage and myndes eleuation:
I tell you this desyre must be euer next your hart.
Nay hoa there, backare, you must stand apart, Infidelitie.
You loue me best I trow, mystresse Mary.
For a hundred pound I would not say the contrary Mary.
And in token Prudence that I loue you best,
Here I ioyn you next vnto my heart and breast,
If ye embrace one, you must all embrace, Cupiditi
For our vse is to dwell all in one place.
Cuthe from our purpose alway we do digresse, Concupiscence.
Let euery one of vs his qualities expresse.
Agreed, mistresse Mary heare you my counsell. Infidelitie.
First, all thought from your heart you must expell,
Trouble not your selfe with any fantasies,
Neuer attend you to the lawe nor prophecies,
They were inuented to make fooles afrayd,
Heare them not, for they will make you dismayd,
Gods tuthe, when was God to any man sene,
I had not ben now aliue, if any God had bene.
Homo homini Deus. Pryde.
Man, is God to man this matter is playne,

And beleue you that none other God doth raigne.

Cupiditi. Man is the begynnyng of his owne operation:
Ergo then of none other gods creation,
Man is his owne God therfore with vtilitie,
Let hym labour here to lyue in felicitie.

Concupiscence: Of many ladies I am certaine you haue hard,
Which the people as goddesses dyd regard:
And why? this was the cause truly in my iudgement,
They had all pleasure here at theyr cõmaundement,
So that they liued in ioy wealth and prosperitie,
Vsyng all pleasures for their owne commoditie.

Infidelitie. To be a goddesse your selfe truely you must beleue,
And ỹ you may be so, your mind therto you must geue
All other gods beside your selfe you must despise,
And set at nought their Scripture in any wise.

Pride. How say you M. Mary do we not gree all in one?

Infideli. Surely M. Mary we will make you a Goddesse

Mary. you please me exceedingly well verily, Canone.
Persons you are of great witte and policie.

Pride. you must be proude, loftie, and of hye mynde,
Despise the poore, as wretches of an other kynde:
Your countenance is not ladylike inough yet.
I see well that we had nede to teache you more wit.
Let your eies roll in your head, declaryng your pride,
After this sort you must cast your eies aside.

Mary. How thinke you by this maner of countenance?

Pride. Conueniẽt for such as be not of your acquaintance.

Cupiditi I doubt not but she will do right well hir part,
By that tyme that all we be fast within hir hart.

Carnall concu. Marke the garmentes of other in any wise,
And be you sure of one of the newest guise.
Your haire me thynke is as yelow as any gold,

Upon

Upon your face layd about haue it I wold.
Sometime on your forehead, the breadth of an hand,
Somtime let your attire vpon your crowne stand,
That all your haire for the most part may be in sight,
To many a man a fayre haire is a great delight.
In sommer time now and then to kepe away flies, Inlde-
Let some of that faire haire hang in your eies: litie.
With a hotte nedle you shall learne it to crispe,
That it may curle together in maner like a wispe.
By my trouth you are a merrie gentleman, Mary.
I will follow your counsell as much as I can.
By your eares somtimes with pretie tusks & toyes Pride.
you shall folde your haire like Tomboyes.
It becommeth a yong gentlewoman be ye sure,
And yong men vnto your loue it will allure.
If the colour of your haire beginneth for to fade, Cupiditi
A craft you must haue, that yellow it may be made,
With some Goldsmyth you may your selfe acquaint,
Of who you may haue water your haire for to paint.
Besydes Goldsmythes water, there is other geare, Concu-
Very good also to colour agayne the heare, piscence.
Yea, if you were not beautifull of your vysage,
A painter could make you to apere w a lusty courage
And though you were as aged as any creature,
A Painter on your face would set such an ornature,
That you should seeme yong and very faire,
And like one whose beautie doth neuer dispaire.
M. Mary, had you neuer ỹ smal pox in your youth? Inside.
you are a mad fellow Prudence, of a truth. Pryde.
I pray you M. Prudence, wherfore ask you that? Marie.
It is like that in you he hath spied somewhat. Pride.
Alas good gentlewoman, she blushes like coles. Car. con

In dede

Infidelitie. In dede about her nose there be little pyety holes,
Therfore I thynk that she hath had the pockes,
I meane good faith without any gaudes or mockes.

Mary. If there be any fautes in my face verily,
For money I trust shortly to haue remedy.

Pride. Mistresse Mary there is not a fayrer in this town.

Infidelit. Yea by saint Anne she is lowely in colour, but brown.

Car. con cupiscēce If she be not content with that natiue colour,
A painter will set on one of more honour.

Infidelitie. I haue known painters that haue made old crones
To appeare as pleasant as little pyety yong Jones.

Pride. Let vs returne agayne to our ornamentes,
I would haue you pleasant alway in your garments.
Upon your forhead you must weare a bon grace,
Which like a penthouse may com farre ouer your face,
And an other from your nose vnto your throte,
Of velvet at the least, without spot or moate,
Your garments must be so worne alway,
That your white pappes may be seene if you may.

Cupiditi If yong gentlemen may see your white skin,
It will allure them to loue, and soone bryng them in.

Concupiscēce. Both damsels and wives vse many such feates,
I know them that will lay out their faire teates,
Purposely men to allure vnto their loue,
For it is a thyng that doth the heart greatly moue,
At such sights of women I haue known men in dede
That with talking & beholding their noses will blede.
Through great rorage moued by such goodly sights,
Labouring the matter further with al their myghts.

Mary. Your wordes do not onely prouoke my desire,
But in pleasure they set my heart on fyre.

Infidelit. Sometime for your pleasure you may weare a past,

But

But aboue all thynge gyrd your self in the waste,
Upon your ouer body you may nothyng els weare,
But an vnlined garment without any other geare.
Let your body be pent, and togither strained,
As hard as may be, though therby you be pained.
Use will make the thyng easy there is no doubt. Pryde.
Yea pardie, gentlewomen vse it now all about. Cupiditie
Your nether garmẽts must go by gymmes & ioynts Infidelitie.
Aboue your buttocks thei must be tied on w̃ points.
Some women a doublet of fyne lynnen vse to weare
Unto the which they tye theyr other nether geare,
With wiers & houpes your garments must be made,
Pleasure your mynion shall shew you in what trade.
In the waist I wil haue ye as small as a wand. Concupiscence.
Yea so smal, that a man may span you with his hand.
It skilleth not though in the buttocks you be great Infidell.
No for there she is like many tymes to be beate. Car. con
Well wantons well, are ye not ashamed? Marie.
In dede mistresse, they are worthy to be blamed. Pryde.
you must reioyce in your richesse and good,
And set muche by your kynrede and noble blood:
Boast of them, and when of them you do talke,
Of their cõmendatiõs let your tong euermore walke.
Daily thus, my lord my father, or mi lady my mother
My lorde my vncle, and my maister my brother.
I promise you I come of a stocke right honorable, Mary.
Therfore my talk of them can not be to cõmendable.
It is a stock (they say) right honorable and good, Infidelitie.
That hath neither theefe nor whore in their blood.
No more words: how say you M. here by pleasure?
Forsoth swete heart, I loue him beyond al measure. Mary.
Body of god, for this al this while haue I wrought? Infidell.

By your smirking loke ofttimes on hym so I thought
What do you loue hym better than you loue me:
Mary. Which of you I should loue best truly I can not se:
Infidelitie. This is a true prouerbe, and no fained fable,
Few womens wordes, be honest, constant, and stable.
Concupiscece. Truly M. Mary if ye loue me, there is nothing lost,
Loue they say, ieopardeth all, and spareth for no cost,
Voluptas autem est sola quæ nos vocet ad se,
Et aliciat suapte natura,
Pleasure sayth one man, of his owne nature,
Allecteth to hym euery humayn creature:
Now what person soeuer doth pleasure hate,
As a beast is to be abiected both early and late.
Let me haue a worde or two in your eare.
How say you by that, like you not that prettie geare:
Mary. Ha, ha, ha, you are a fond body pleasaūt verily.
Infidelitie. Doth he not moue you to matrimonie:
Take hede that he bryng you not to suche dotage,
For many incommodities truely be in mariage.
Cupiditi temper habent lites, alterq; iurgia lectus,
In quo nupta iacet minimum dormitur in illo,
The bedde wherin lieth any maried wife,
Is neuer without chidyng, braulyng, and strife,
That woman shall neuer sleape in quiete,
Which is maried contrary to hir diete.
Pride. Of all bondage truely this is the ground,
A gentlewoman to one husband to be bound.
Car. con Tushe mistresse Mary, be ye not in subiection,
Better it is to be at your owne election.
What thyng in this worlde excelleth libertie:
Neither gold nor treasure for a suretie,
Take you now one, and then an other hardely,

Such

Such as for the tyme will to you louyngly apply.
That will be a meane truly to lese my good name. Mary.
And so among the people I shal suffer blame. Cown
ye shal not kepe my counsel, if ye can not kepe your Infide-
Can you not make good chere, but it must be known: litie.
As touching that, I will be to you suche a meane, Concu-
As shal teache you alwais to conuey the matter clene piscence.
Take you none but gentlemen with veluet coates, Pride.
It is to be thought, that they ar not without groates
In any wise see that your louers be yong and gay, Cupiditi
And suche fellowes as be well able to pay.
Nay truely if I should attempt any such geare, Mary.
I would take where I loued alway here and there.
Spoken like a worthy swete gyrle by the masse, Concu-
I warant all this geare will well come to passe. piscence.
You must euer haue a tongue well fyled to flatter, Infide-
Let your garmentes be sprinkled with rose water. litie.
Use your ciuet, pommander, muske, which be to sell,
That the odor of you a myle of, a man may smell,
With swete oyntments such as you can appoynt,
Use you euermore your propre body to anoynt.
With fine meats & pure wines do your body norish Concu-
That will cause you in all pleasure to florishe: piscence.
And when one for your mynde you can espye,
Use a smylyng countenance and a wanton eye.
Upon all suche as ye mynd not, looke you aloft, Pride.
To them that be not of your diet be you not soft.
Ha, ha, ha, laugh now I pray God I dye if euer I Mary.
Such pleasant companions as you all be. (did se,
You speake of many thynges here of pleasure,
Which to vse truely requireth muche treasure.
If you can wisely occupie this pretie geare, Car. com

I will warant you to get an hundred pound a yeare.

Infidelitie. Hold vp the market, and let them pay for the ware,
Be euer catchyng and takyng, doe you not spare.

Mary. I may vse daliance and pastyme a while,
But the courage of youth will soone be in exile.
I remember yet since I was a little foole,
That I learned verses when I went to schoole,
Which be these:

Forma bona fragilis est, quantum accedit ad annos,
Fit minor, & spacio carpitur illa suo,
Nec semper viola, nec semper lilia florent,
Et riget amissa spina relicta rosa.

The pleasure of youth is a thyng right fraple,
And is yearely lesse, so that at length it doth faile,
The swete violets and lylies flourishe not alway:
The rose soone dyeth, and lasteth not a day.
I see in other women by very experience,
That the tyme of youth hath no long permanence.

Infidelitie. In good faith when ye ar come to be an old maude,
Then it will be best for you to play the baude.
In our countrey there be suche olde mother bees,
Which are glad to cloke baudry for their fees.
This is the order, such as wer harlots in their youth
May vse to be baudes euermore for a truth.

Pride. When the courage of them is altogither past,
In age they vse to get their liuyng with such a cast.

Cupiditi Tushe, your frends haue left you honest possessiõs,
Which you may imploy after suche discretions,
That a worshipfull state you may maintayne,
Besides that, with the other feate you may gayne.
Oppresse your tenantes, take fines, and raise rentes,
Hold vp your houses and lands with their contents.

Bye by great measure, and sell by small measure,
This is a way to amplifie your treasure:
Sell your ware for double more than it is worth,
Though it be starke nought, yet put it forth.
A thousand castes to enriche you I can tell,
If you be content to vse alway my counsell.
yes by the faith of my body, els I were not wise, Mary.
For my profite is your counsell and deuise.
How say you mistresse Mary, tell vs your mynde, Infide-
To embrace vs & loue vs can you in your heart fynde: litie.
Truly hart rote I loue you all.iiii. with al my hart, Mary.
Trusting that none of vs from other shall depart.
In token wherof, I embrace you in myne armes,
Trusting that you will defend me from all harmes.
Will we: yea we will see so for your prosperitie, Pride.
That you shall lyue in ioy and felicitie.
I will see that you shall haue good in abundance, Cupidit
To maintaine you in all pleasure and daliance.
And new kyndes of pastyme I will inuent, Concu-
With the which I trust ye shal be content. piscere.
Mistresse Mary can you not play on ỹ virginals: Infidel.
yes swete heart that I can, and also on the regals, Mary.
There is no instrument but that handle I can,
I thynke as well as any gentlewoman.
If that you can play vpon the recorder, Infide-
I haue as fayre a one as any is in this border, litie.
Truely you haue not sene a more goodlie pipe,
It is so bigge that your hand can it not gripe.
Will you be so good as to play vs a daunce: Pride.
And we wil do you as great pleasure it may chaunce.
Alas we haue no suche instrument here. Mary.
I knowe where you may haue all suche geare. Car. com

No instrumentes nor pastime that you can require,
But I can bryng you vnto it at your desire.

Cupiditi. Will you take the payne to go before thither?
And mistresse Mary and we will come togither.

Infidell. How say you mistresse Mary, are you content?

Mary. Looke what you will do, I will therto assent.

Pryde. I thinke it best that we.iii. depart hence,
And let mistresse Mary com thither with Prudence.

Infidelitie. Be it so, then you and I will come alone,
I trust that by the way we will make one.
May M. Mary we must haue a song of.iiii. partes
At your departyng to reioyce our mery hartes.

Cupiditi. The treble you shall maister Pleasure syng
So freshly that for ioy your heart shall spryng.
Utilitie can syng the base full cleane,
And Noble Honor shall syng the meane.

Infide. Mistresse Mary will you helpe to syng a part?

Mary. Yea swete heart with you with all my hart.
In faith we will haue a song of your name.

Infidell. Come syrs, helpe I pray you to syng the same.

The sōg

Hey dery, dery, with a lusty dery,
Hoigh mistresse Mary, I pray you be mery.

Your pretie person we may compare to Lais,
A morsell for princes and noble kynges,
In beautie you excell the fayre lady Thais,
You excede the beautifull Helene in all thyngs,
To behold your face who can be wearie?
Hoigh mystresse Mary, I pray you be merie.
The haire of your head shyneth as the pure gold,
Your eyes as gray as glasse and right amiable,
Your smylyng countenance so louely to behold,
To vs all is mosse pleasant and delectable,

Of your commendations who can be wearie?
Yuffa mystresse Mary, I pray you be mery.
Your lyps as ruddy as the redde Rose,
Your teeth as white as euer was the whales bone,
So cleane, so swete, so fayre, so good, so frethe, so gay,
In all Jurie truely at this day there is none.
With a lolly voyce lyng we Hey dery dery.
Yuffa mistresse Mary, I pray you be mery.

Suche pleasant cõpanions I haue not sene before, Mary.
Now I pray you let vs dwell togither euermore,
To your heart we are so fast conglutinate, Pride.
That from thence we shall neuer be separate.
yet from your syght at this tyme we will depart, Cupidity
Assuryng you to remayn styll in our hart.
We thre will go before some thyng to prepare, Car. con
That shalbe to your commoditie and welfare. cupiscẽce
Fare you well my heartes ioy, pleasure, and blisse, Mary.
It is good maner at our departing to kisse. Exeunt All three
I must kisse to, if I tary styll. Infide.
You shall haue kisses inough, euen when you will. Parte.
Gramercy in dede myne owne good louyng Jugge Infide
It doth me good in myne armes you to hugge, little.
How say you now by these mynions?
I say as you say in dede they are mynions, Mary.
And suche persons as long tyme I haue desired,
I thanke you, that for me you haue them inquired.
you must thinke on the counsell that they did geue, Infide
They will performe their sayinges you shall beleue. little.
I am not obliuious I warant you my freinde, Mary.
For I haue prynted all their wordes in my mynde,
I haue determined by them to direct my life,
So that no man shalbe able to set vs at strife.

Will

Infidelitie. Will you resort with me vnto Jerusalem:
There we shall be sure in a place to fynde them.
I banket they haue prepared for you I dare say,
Suche a one as hath not ben sene before this day.

Mary. Alas why do they suche great cost on me bestow:

Infidelitie. Truly bicause you their good hearts should know.
There is nothyng lost that is done for such a friende,
I wis mistresse Mary, I wold you knew al my mind

Mary. Gentle Prudence if you haue any thyng to say,
Breake your mynd boldly to me as you go by ỹ way.

Infidelitie. Will you come: you had nede to go but softly,
Take hede, for the way is foule and slipperie:
If neuer so litle backward you chaunce to slippe,
Up into your saddle forsoth I am redy to skippe.

Mary. Go wanton, get you forth with sorow,
We shal be at Jerusalem I thinke to morow. Exeunt.

Here entreth Symon the Pharisie, and Malicious Judgement.

Symon Pharisie. I thought surely ỹ here we shold haue found him,
It was shewed me that he was here about in dede.

Malicious iugemet The last weke he was at the Citie of Naim,
And from thens I wote not whether he did procede.

Simon. He did a maruellous act there, as we heard say,
For the which the people do him greatly praise,
Maruels he worketh almost euery day.
At Naim a dead chylde agayne he did rayse.

Malicious iudge. All things he doth by the power of the great deuill,
And that you may see by his conuersation,
He kepeth company with suche as be euyll,
And with them he hath his habitation:
A frende of sinners, and a dryuker of wyne,
Neuer conuersant with suche as be honest.

Against

Against the law he teacheth a doctrine,
All holy Religion he doth detest,
The reuerend bishops and you the pharisies,
He calleth hipocrites, and doth you reuile,
So he doth the doctours and scribes of all degrees,
Beside that, the Sabboth also he doth defile.
He vseth as great blasphemie as euer was,
The sonne of the lyuyng God he doth hymself call,
He saith, that he is the very same Messias,
Prophecied before of the Prophets all.
I promise you right worshipfull Simon,
Your temple, lawe, and people shal be made captiue,
If in this sort he be suffred alone,
And you shall lose all your prerogatiue.
We the fathers of the clergie diuers seasons, Simon
About hym haue consulted together,
To destroy hym we haue alleaged reasons,
But many thyngs therin we do consider.
His doctrine is marueilous this is true,
And his workes are more marueilous doubtlesse,
If as yet we should chaunce hym to pursue,
Muche inconuenience might chaunce and distresse,
The people do hym for a great Prophete take,
He doth so muche good among them that be sicke,
That they wote not what on hym to make,
For he healeth bothe the madde and the lunatike.
We thinke verily, that it doth you behoue, Malicio⁹ iudge.
Which are men of learnyng and intelligence,
His doctrine and miracles wisely to proue,
And whence he had them to haue experience.
By my faith I wil tell you what was my pretence, Simon.
To haue bidden him to dyner this day I thought,

Where we would haue examined his science,
And by what power suche wonders he wrought.
But if I can not haue hym in my house this day,
I will appoynt an other day for the same cause.
Then will we appoint for hym some other way
If we fynd hym contrary to our lawes.

Malicio⁹ iudge. Ne credas tempori, trust not the tyme he doth say,
I feare that you will permitte hym to long:
There is euer peryll in muche delay,
Neuer suffre you to raigne ought that is wrong.

Simon. Well, seyng that at this tyme he doth not appere,
I will returne hence as fast as I may,
Take you the payne a whyle to tary here
To see if he chance at any tyme to come this way.
Or if you here where he is resident,
Let vs haue worde as fast as euer you can.

Malicio⁹ iudge. As concernyng your requeste I will be diligent,
To doe you pleasure euermore I am your man.
It shall cost me a fall I promise hym truely,
Except I bryng hym shortly to an ende.
Watche for hym will I, in all places duely,
I will know what the marchant doth intende.
A beggerly wretch, that hath not of his owne,
One house or cabyn wherin he may rest his heade:
His parents for poore laboring folks ar wel known,
And haue not ỹ things which shold stand thē in stede
No man knoweth where he lerned & went to schoole,
And yet he taketh vpon hym to teache men doctrine.
But within a while he will proue him selfe a foole,
And come to vtter destruction and ruine.
Is he able, thynke you, to withstande,
So many bishops, priestes, and pharisies,

Greate

Great learned men, and seniors of the lande,
With other people that be of their affinites:
His foly by his presumption he doth declare,
A while we are content that he doth raigne.
But I trust to make him wearie of his welfare,
If I may see hym in this countrey agayne.
Ha,ha,ha, laugh quod he: laugh I must in dede, Infidelitie.
I neuer sawe a bolder harlot in my life,
To prompt hir forward we shall not nede,
No poynt of synne but that in hir is rife.
Infidelitie: what a diuell doest thou here: Malicious iugemet
I had not knowen thee but by thy voyce.
Malicious iudgement I pray thee what chere, Infidelitie.
To see thee mery at my heart I doe reioyce.
What a diuell meanest thou by this geare: Malicious iudge.
This garment is not of the wonted fashion.
For euery day I haue a garment to weare, Infidelitie.
Accordyng to my worke and operation,
Among the Pharisies, I haue a Pharisies gown,
Among publicans and synners an other I vse,
I am best I tell thee now, both in citie and towne,
And chiefly among the people of the Jewes.
This is the cause: their Messias, who Christ they cal
Is come into the world, sinners to forgeue.
Now my labour is both with great and small,
That none of them do hym nor his wordes beleue.
The bishops & pharisies I make ꝑ more hard harted
The synnes of them that are disposed to synne,
I augment, so that they can not be conuerted,
So that hard it will be any grace to wynne.
Among them Malicious iudgemēt is not my name Malicious iudge.
The true intellection of the law they doe me call,

Carnally I cause them to vnderstand the same,
And accordyng to their owne malice to iudge all.

Infide. Thou knowest that among thē I am Iustice legal
litie. For by the dedes of the law they will be iustified,
So that the doctrine of the Messias euangelicall,
Shalbe despised, and he therfore crucified.

Malicio. The reuerend father Simon the Pharisie,
iugemēt To haue spoken with him, euen now was here:
Under the pretence of frendship and amitie,
He would bid him to diner, and make him good chere,
Not for any good will that to hym he doth owe,
But to proue his fashion, learnyng, and power.
Good will quod he? No, no that I do know.

Infide. For yf they durst, he should die within this houre.
litie. But let this passe, I will tell thee what I haue done,
Knowest thou not a wench called Mary Magdalene?

Malicio. Yes mary, I dyd see her yesterday at noone,
iudge. A prettie wenche she is in deede and a cleane.

Infide. I haue brought her now into suche a case,
litie. That she is past the feare of God and shame of man,
She worketh prouily in euery place,
yea and prouoketh other therto now and than,
I would thou dydst see hir disposition,
Thou hast not sene hir like I think in thy dayes.

Malicio. If she haue tasted of thy erudition,
iudge. I doubt not but she knoweth all wicked ways,
To se her fashion I would bestowe my forty pence,
But at this tyme I can no longer tary here,
About my busynesse I must depart hence,
Seekyng for the same Christ both farre and nere.

Infideli. Very little I hope for his commoditie.
To doe hym any good doest thou intende?

Thou

Thou knowest my mynde right well Infidelitie, Malicio⁹ iudge:
What nede we any moze tyme to spende:
Farewell, thou wilt come to diner to day,
Maister Symon will haue him if it be possible. Exit.
Thou knowest that I dwell with such men alway, Infide-
For in his heart I am euen now inuisible. litie.
Well remembred, yet I must prouide a garment
Agaynst that I come to my master Symon,
About the which the preceptes of the testament
Must be written in order one by one.
Nowe will I returne to my minion againe
I may not from hir be away absent.
If hir companie I should a litle refraine,
I knowe well that she would not be content.
Horeson, I beshrowe your heart, are you here: Mary.
I may doe what I will for you.
Huffa mistresse Mary, are you so neare: Infide-
I thought otherwise I make God auowe. litie.
I pray you let me haue a worde in your eare,
I promise you he is a mynion felowe.
By my faith I thought that you had ben there,
For I sawe when you dyd hym folow.
By my faith Prudence you haue a false eye, Mary.
A body can neuer so secretely worke,
But that theyr daliance you will espie,
I trowe for the nones you lye in corners and lurke.
But sirra, how say you to hym in the flaxen beard:
That is a knaue that horeson, wote you what he did:
In my life was I neuer worse afrayde,
When I came to bed, I found him there hid.
Out alas, quod I, here is some yll spirite,
A swete sauour of muske and ciuet I smelt,

Come and lye with me Mary quod he, this night,
Then I knew who it was, when his beard I felt.

Infidelitie. I beshrew your hearts, whore & thefe wer agreed
You knew the spirit wel inough before you cam there
I am sure, that so honestly he had you feed,
That the reward dyd put away the feare.

Mary. Good lord, who is this that yonder doth come?
What meane the tables that be in his hand?

Infidelitie. Come asyde a little, and geue hym roume,
And what he is anone we shall vnderstand.

The Lawe. The Lawe of God at this tyme I do represent,
Written with the fynger of God in tables of stone,
Wherby the people might know their lord omnipotēt
And how that he is the Lord God alone.
A peculiar people to him selfe he had elected,
Comming of the stocke of faithfull Abraham,
Whom by the lawe he would haue directed,
After that out of Egypt from Pharao they came.
In me as in a glasse it doth plainly appere,
What God of his people doth require,
What the peoples duetie is, they may see here,
Which they owe vnto God in paine of hell fyre.
In me is declared the same iustice,
Whiche vnto God is acceptable,
Mans synne is here shewed, and proude enterprise,
Wherby he is conuicted to paines perdurable.
It was necessary and it dyd behoue,
Considering mans pride and temeritie,
Whiche was dronke and blynde in his owne loue,
To make a lawe to shewe his imbecillitie.
Except the lawe had rebuked his vanitie,
So much he would haue trusted in his own strength

And

And beleued, that through ẏ power of his humanitie,
He might haue obteined saluation at length.
Wherfore as I sayd to a glasse compared I may be,
Wherin clerely as in the sunne lyght,
The weakenesse and sinne of him self he may se,
Yea and his owne damnation as it is ryght.
For the curse of God foloweth synne alway,
And damnation foloweth malediction:
By this it appereth as cleare as the day,
That my office is to fyll the mynde with affliction,
I am a ministration of death workyng yre,
I shewe Gods request, and mans vnabilitie,
I condemne hym for synne vnto eternall fyre,
I fynde not one iust of mans fragilitie.
O Prudence, heare you not what the law doth say, Mary.
Excedingly it pricketh my conscience.
I may crie out alas nowe and welaway,
For I am damned by Gods owne sentence.
Prick of cōsciēce, quod she: it pricketh you not so sore Infidelitie.
As the yong man with the flaxen beard dyd I thinke
What a diuell about him here do you poare.
If euer I see any suche, I pray God I synke.
The more you loke on him, ẏ worse like him you shal.
Come away, come away from him for very shame.
And in dede will you be gasyng on him styll:
If you repent not this, let me suffer blame.
O frend Prudence, doe you see yonder glasse: Mary.
I will tell what therin I doe see:
I can not speake for sorowe, now out alasse,
All men for synne by Gods sentence damned be.
The spirite of God speaketh by kyng Salomon,
That no man on earth lyueth without synne.

Dauid,

Dauid saith there is none good, no not one,
No not a child that this day doth his life begynne.
Nowe synne I see requireth eternall damnation,
If a childe be damned that is but a day olde,
Alas, where then shall be my habitation:
Whiche hath done more synnes than can be tolde.

The Lawe. Yea woman, God doth not onely prohibite the dede,
But he forbiddeth the lust and concupiscence,
Therfore thy heart hath great occasion to blede,
For many lustes and dedes hath defiled thy cõscience.

Infidelitie. Body of God, are you so madde him to beleue:
These thyngs are written to make folkes afrayde,
Will ye to him or to me credence geue:
Or to your frends, by whom you wer neuer dismaide:
And I put case that the wordes nowe were trewe,
He speaketh of men, but no women at all,
Women haue no soules, this saying is not newe,
Men shall be damned, and not women which do fall.

the Law By this terme man, truely in holy Scripture,
Is vndertake both man, woman, and child in dede,
yea as many of both kyndes as be of mans nature,
Whiche procede of Adam the first parents sede.

Enter knowledge of Sinne. By the Lawe commeth the knowledge of synne,
Whiche knowledge truely here I represent,
Whiche kreate and byte the conscience within,
Causyng the same euermore to lament.
I am euermore before the conscience sight,
Shewyng before hym his condemnation,
So that by the dedes of the law, or by his own might
He can not attaine vnto saluation.

Infidelitie. Lo Mary, haue ye not sponne a fayre threde:
Here is a pocky knaue, and an yll fauoured,

The

The deuill is not so euill fauoured I thinke in dede.
Corrupt, rotten, stinkyng, and yll fauoured.
It is not possible truly to declare here, Knowledge of synne.
The horrible, lothsome, and stinkyng vilitie,
Which before the eyes of God doth appere,
Committed by this wretched womans iniquitie.
Now wo be to the time that euer I was borne, Mary.
I see that I am but a damned deuill in hell,
I know that there with diuels I shall be torne,
And punished with more pains than my tong can tell
O blessed Lawe shew me some remedy,
The Prophete calleth thee immaculate and pure,
Thou of thy selfe in many places doest testifie,
That the kepers of thee are alway safe and sure.
He that obserueth all thyngs written in me, the Law
Shall liue in them, as Moyses doth expresse:
But neuer man yet in this world I dyd see,
Which dyd not the contentes in me transgresse.
It is beyond all mans possibilitie,
To obserue any commaundement in me required,
Therby appeareth his weaknesse and fragilitie,
Hapned through sinne, that against God he cõspired.
The power of the law is mans synne to declare, Knowledge of synne.
And to shew his damnation for the same,
But to giue saluation for the soules welfare,
The lawe doth no suche promise any tyme proclame.
If there be no more comfort in the lawe than this, Mary.
I wishe that the lawe had neuer ben made:
In God I see is small mercy and Justice,
To entangle men, and snarle them in such a trade.
I can you thanke for that Mary in dede: Infidelitie.
Well spoken, an vniust God do you esteme.

Euen from the heart that sentence dyd procede,
Feare not, their vniust God do you blaspheme:
You see no remedy but vtter damnation.
Folowe my counsell, and put care away,
Take here your pleasure and consolation,
And make you mery in this worlde while you may.
Of one hell I would not haue you twayne to make:
Be sure of a heauen while you dwell here,
Refresh your self, and al pleasure doe you take,
Plucke vp a lusty heart, and be of a good chere.

Mary. O this knowledge of synne is so in my syght,
That if I should dye truely I can not be mery.

Infidelitie. We will ridde the knaue hence anon by this light.
Or else of his life I will soone make him wearie.

the Law O synner, from thy heart put that infidelitie,
Which hath drowned thee already in the pit of hell,
Trust thou in Gods might and possibilitie,
Wherof neither angell nor man is able to tell.

Knowledge of synne. That thing in dede, whiche to man is impossible,
Is a small thyng for God to bryng to passe,
This mercy to all senses is comprehensible,
Which he will declare by his holy Messias.

the Law That thing which I cā not do through my infirmity
God is able by his son to perform in tyme appointed,
All my contentes be shadowes of his maiestie,
Whom now in this tyme God hath anoynted.

Knowledge of synne. That Messias alone onely shall the law fulfill,
And his fulfilling shall be in suche acceptation,
That God for his sake shall pardon mankyndes yll,
Acceptyng his offeryng for a full contentation.

the Law That Messias is the stone spoken of before,
Which of vayne builders should be refused,

yet he shall be the corner stone of honour,
Which in the building of gods tẽple shal be vsed.
And all that trust in hym with true beleue, Knowledge of sinne.
That he is very God and man, into this world sent,
God will all their synnes for his sake forgeue,
So that they can be contrite and repent.
I euer beleued yet vnto this day, Mary.
That God was able of nothyng all things to make,
And as well I beleue also that he may,
Forgeue, and mercy vpon synners take,
But seyng that he hath made a determination,
By a law that none shall be saued good or badde,
Then he that would looke for any saluation,
Truly I take hym ten tymes for worse than madde.
He that will not the kepers of the law saue, Infidelitie.
Which obserue diligently his commaundementes,
Much lesse truly on them mercy he will haue,
Which haue contemned all his words & iudgements.
Wel Mary, I haue condemned thee vnto hell fyre, the Law
yet not so condemned thee, but if thou canst beleue
In that Messias, which for thee doth enquire,
There is no doubt but thy sinnes he will forgeue.
Thy sore is knowen receiue thy salue and medicine,
I haue the sicke to the leache, gene good eare,
Hearken diligently vnto his good discipline,
And he will heale thee, doe nothyng feare. Exit.
Let me fele your poulses mistresse Mary be you sick Infidelitie.
By my trouth in as good tẽpre as any woman can be
your vaines are full of bloud, lusty and quicke,
In better taking truly I did you neuer see.
The body is whole, but sick is the conscience, Knowledge of
Which neither the law nor man is able to heale, sinne.

It is the word of God receyued with penitence,
Like as the boke of wisedome doth plainly reueale.

Infidelitie. Conscience: how doth thy conscience litle Mall:
Was thy conscience sicked, alas little foole:
Hooreson fooles, set not a pynne by them all,
Wise inough in dede, to folowe their foolishe schoole.
You bottell nosed knaue, get you out of place,
Auoyde stinkyng horeson, a poyson take thee,
Hence, or by God I will lay thee on the face,
Take hede that hereafter I doo you not see.

Knowledge of synne. Though I appere not to hir carnall syght,
Yet by the meanes that she knoweth the lawe,
I shall trouble hir always both day and night,
And vpon hir conscience continually gnawe.

Infidelitie. What chere: nowe is here but we twayne alone,
Be mery mistresse Mary, and away the mare,
A murreyn go with them, now they be gone,
Plucke vp your stomacke, and put away all care.

Mary. O maister Prudence, my heart is sore vexed,
The knowledge of synne is before me alway:
In my conscience I am so greuously perplexed,
That I wote not what to doe truly nor say.

Here entreth Christ Jesus.

Infidelitie. Benedicite, arte thou come with a vengeance:
What wilt thou do: Mary, doe you loue me:
My wordes print well in your remembrance,
To yonder felowes saying doe you neuer gree.

Christ Jesus. Into this worlde God hath sent his owne,
Not to iudge the world, or to take vengeance,
But to preache forgeuenesse and pardon,
Through true faith in hym, and perfect repentance.
The sonne of man is come to seke and saue,

Such

Suche persons as perishe and go astraye,
God hath promised them lyfe eternally to haue,
If they repent, and turne from theyr euill way,
The kyngdom of heauen is at hand, therfore repent,
Amende your lyues, and the Gospell beleue,
The sonne of God into this world is sent,
To haue mercy on men, and theyr synnes to forgeue.
O here is the Messias, of whom we haue harde, Mary.
What say you Prudence is not this same he?
A Mary, do you my wordes no more regard, Infide-
you haue a wauerynge witte now well I doe see, litie.
Is not this a lyke person, the sonne of God to be,
And the Messias whiche the worlde should saue?
He is a false harlot you may beleue me,
Whome you shall see one day handled like a knaue.
If the lawe of God published by Moyses,
Be not able to bryng men to saluation,
Muche lesse suche a wretched man doubtlesse,
Can do ought for your soules consolation.
Tushe take one heauen in this present worlde here,
you remember what before to you I haue sayd:
Pluck vp your heart wenche, and be of good chere,
Neuer regard his wordes, tushe, be not afrayd.
The lawe hath set my synnes before my syght, Mary.
That I can not be mery, but am in despaire:
I know that God is a Iudge, equall and right,
And that his lawe is true, pure, cleane and fayre.
By this law am I condemned alredy to hell.
The wordes he hath spoken must be fulfilled:
Of myrth and ioy it is but foly to tell,
For I perceiue that both body and soule be spilled.
Like as the father raiseth the dead agayne, Christ.

And vnto life doth them mercifully restore:
So the sonne quickeneth the dead it is playne,
And geueth them a life to liue euermore,
Verily verily I say, he that heareth my voyce,
And beleueth on him that hath me sent,
Shall haue euerlastyng life therin to reioyce,
And shall not come into damnable torment.
But the same passe from death vnto lyfe,
Repent, and trust in Gods mercy for my sake.
With the sinnes of the world be at debate and strife,
And vnto grace my heauenly father will you take.
All they whom the law condemneth for synne,
By faith in me, I saue and iustifie,
I am come sinners by repentance to winne,
Like as the Prophet before did prophecie.

Christe speaketh to Mary. Thou woman, with mercy I do thee preuent,
If thou canst in the Sonne of God beleue,
And for thy former lyfe be sory and repent,
All thy sinnes and offences I doe forgeue.

Infidelitie. Who is the sonne of God sir, of whom do ye talke?
Which hath this power wherof you do boast,
It is best for you out of this countrey to walke,
And neuer more be seue after in this coast.
The sonne of God quod he? This is a pride in dede.
Trowest thou that the father can suffer this?
They come of Abrahams stocke and holy sede,
And thou saiest that they beleue all amisse.

Christ. Auoide out of this woman thou Infidelitie,
With the. vii. diuels which haue hir possessed,
I banish you hence by the power of my diuinitie,
For to saluation I haue hir prested.

Infidelitie runneth away. Mary falleth flat downe.

For

Cry all thus without the dooze, and roare terribly.

O Jesus the Sonne of God euer liuing, Diuels.
Why comest thou before the tyme vs to torment?
In no person for thee we can haue any abidyng,
Out vpon thee the sonne of God omnipotent.

Arise woman, and thanke the father of heauen, Christ.
Which with his mercy hath thee preuented,
By his power I haue reiected from the spirits seuen,
Which with vnbelief haue thy soule tormented.

Blessed be thy name O father celestiall, Mary.
Honor and glory be giuen to thee world without end,
O Lord, doest thou regard thus a womã terrestriall?
To thee what tong is able worthy thanks to repend?
O what a synfull wretche Lord haue I bene?
Haue mercy on me Lord, for thy names sake,
So greuous a sinner before this day was neuer sene
Vouchsafe therfore compassion on me to take.

Canst thou beleue in God, the maker of all thing, Jesus Christ.
And in his onely sonne, whom he hath sent?

I beleue in one God, Lord and heauenly kyng, Mary.
And in thee his onely sonne with hearty intent.
Good Lord I confesse that thou art omnipotent,
Helpe my slender beliefe and infirmitie:
My faith Lord is waueryng and insufficient,
Strẽgth it I pray the with the power of thy maiesty.

No man can come to me, that is, in me beleue, Christ.
Except my father draw hym by his spirite. Faith & repẽtãce entreth.
Behold Faith and Repentance to thee here I geue,
With all other vertues to thy health requisite.

Note well the power of Gods omnipotencie: Faith.
That soule which of late was a place of deuils,
He hath made a place for him self by his clemencie,
Purgyng from thence the multitude of euils.

The

Repentance.

The mercy of Christ thought it not sufficient,
To forgeue hir synnes, and deuils to pourge,
But geueth hir grace to be penitent,
That is, hir soule euer after this day to scourge.
The vertue of Repentance I do represent,
Which is a true turnyng of the whole lyfe and state,
Unto the will of the lord God omnipotent,
Sorowing for the sinnes past with displesure & hate.
That is to say, all the inward thoughts of the hart
And all the imaginations of the mynde,
Which were occupied euill by Sathans arte,
Must hence forth be turned after an other kynd.
Dauid my father on his synnes did alway thinke,
Howe horrible they were in God almighties sight,
Teares were his sustenance, yea both meat & drinke,
His hole meditation was in heauen both day & night
So that Repentance is described in Scripture,
To be a returnyng from syn with all the soule & hart,
And all the life tyme in repentyng to endure,
Declaring the same with the senes in euery part.
As thus, like as the eyes haue ben vaynly spent
Upon worldly and carnall delectations,
So henceforth to wepyng and teares must be bent,
And wholly giuen to godly contemplations.
Likewise as the eares haue ben open alway
To here the blasphemyng of Gods holy name,
And fylthy talkyng euermore night and day,
Nowe they must be turned away from the same.
And glad to heare the Gospell of saluation,
How God hath mercy on them that doe call,
And how he is full of pitie and miseration:
Raisyng vp suche agayne as by synne dyd fall.

The

The tong which blasphemie hath spoken,
yea and filthily, to the hurt of soule and body:
Wherby the precepts of God haue ben broken,
Must hence forth praise God for his mercy daily.
Thus like as all the members in tymes past,
Haue ben seruantes of vnrighteousnesse and synne,
Now Repentance doth that seruice away cast,
And to mortifie all his lustes doth begynne.
True repentance neuer turneth backe agayn:
For he ỹ laieth his hãd on the plough, & loketh away,
Is not apt in the kingdom of heauen to raigne,
Nor to be saued with my sainctes at the last day.
O Lorde without thy grace I do here confesse, Mary.
That I am able to do nothyng at all,
Where it pleaseth thee my miserie to redresse,
Strength me now that hence forth I do not fall.
Graunt me Lord suche a perfect repentance,
And that I looke no more back, but go forward still,
Put my miserie euermore into my remembrance,
That I may forthinke my life that hath ben so yll.
The holy vertue of Faith I do represent, Fayth.
Joyned continually with repentance:
For where as the person for synne is penitent,
There I ascertain him of helth and deliuerance.
Wherfore I am a certaine and sure confidence,
That God is mercifull for Christ Jesus sake:
And where as is a turnyng or penitence,
To mercy he will the penitent take:
Faith therfore is the gyft of God most excellent,
For it is a sure knowledge and cognition
Of the good will of God omnipotent,
Grounded in the word of Christes erudition,

This faith is founded on Gods promission,
And most clerely to the mynde of man reuealed,
So that of Gods will he hath an intuition,
Which by the holy ghost to his heart is sealed.

Repentance. This Faith with the word hath such propinquitie,
That properly the one is not without the other,
Faith must be tried with the word of veritie,
As the child is by the father and mother.

Jesus Christ. yea truly, if this faith do from Gods word decline,
It is no faith, but a certayn incredulitie,
Which causeth the mynd to wãder in strange doctrine
And so to fall at length into impietie.

Faith. The word to a glasse compare we may,
For as it were therin, Faith God doth behold,
Whom as in a cloude we loke vpon alway,
As hereafter more plainly it shal be told.

Pary. My heart doth beleue, and my mouth doth publish,
That my lord Jesus is the sonne of God eternall.
I beleue that my soule shall neuer perysh,
But raigne with him in his kyngdom supernall.

Repentance. The operation of Faith is not to enquire
What God is as touchyng his proper nature,
But how good he is to vs to know faith doth desyre,
Which thing appereth in his holy Scripture.

Faith. It is not inough to beleue that God is true only,
Which can neuer lie, nor deceaue, nor do yll:
But true faith is persuaded firmly and truely,
That in his word he hath declared his will.
And also what soeuer in that word is spoken,
Faith beleueth it as the most certaine veritie,
Which by his spirit he doth vouchsafe to open
To all such as seke hym with all humilitie.

Chrift

Chriſt the ſonne of God here hath promiſed, Repentance.
Forgiuenelle of ſynnes to you ſyſter Mary,
Of his owne mercie this to do he hath deuiſed,
And not of your merites, thus you ſee plainly.
If in this promiſe you be certain and without doubt.
Beleuing that the word of his mouth ſpoken
He is able, and alſo will do and bryng about,
Then that you haue Faith it is a token.
O Jeſu, graunt me this true faith and beleue, Mary.
Lord I ſee in my ſelf as yet imperfection:
Vouchſafe to me thy heauenly grace to geue,
That it may be my gouernance and direction.
Mary my grace ſhall be for thee ſufficient, Chriſt.
Goe thy way forth with faith and repentance,
To heare the Goſpell of health be thou diligent,
And the wordes therof beare in thy remembrance.
Though in perſon we ſhall no more appeare, Faith.
Yet inuiſibly in your heart we will remayne.
The grace of God ſhal be with you both far & nere, Repentance.
Wherby from all wickedneſſe I ſhall you detaine.
Honor, praiſe, and glory to the father eternall, Mary.
Thankes to the ſonne, very god and very man,
Bleſſed be the holy goſt, with them both coequall,
One god, which hath ſaued me this day from Sathã Exeunt.
I thank thee O father, O lord of heuẽ, earth, & of al Chriſt
That thou haſt hidden theſe things from the ſapient,
And haſt reuealed them to the litle ones and ſmall,
Yea ſo it pleaſed thee O father omnipotent.
All things of my father are committed vnto me,
And who the ſonne is, none but the father doth know
No mã but the ſonne knoweth who ỹ father ſhold be,
And he to whom the ſonne wil reueale and ſhowe.

Come vnto me all you that with labor are oppressed,
And are heauy laden, and I will you comfort,
Dispaire not for that you haue transgressed,
But for mercy do you boldly to me resort.
My yoake vpon your neckes do you gladly take,
And learn of me, for I am lowe and meke in hart,
And you shal fynd rest for your soules neuer to slake,
My yoake and burden is light in euery part.
I came not into the world, the righteous to call,
But the synfull persons vnto repentance:
The whoale haue no nede of the physition at all,
But the sicke haue nede of deliuerance.
Uerily I say vnto you, that the angels,
Haue more ioy in one synner that doth repent,
Than in many righteous persons else,
Which are no sinners in their iudgement.

Here entreth Symon the Pharisie, and malicious Iudgement, Symon biddeth Christ to dynner.

Symon. God spede you syr heartily, and well to fare,
I reioyce much that I chaunce you here to fynde,
In good soth I was sory, and toke muche care
That I had no tyme to declare to you my mynde.
We know that you do much good in the countrey here
Wherfore the liuyng God is glorified:
You heale the sicke persons both farre and nere,
Like as it hath ben credibly testified.

Christ. My father euen vnto this tyme worketh truely,
And I worke according to his commandement & wil,
The sonne can do nothyng of hym selfe duely,
But that he seeth the father doyng alway still.
Whatsoeuer the Father doth, the sonne doth the same,
For the father doth the sonne entierly loue,

And

And sheweth him al things to the praise of his name,
And shal shew him greter works thā these as you shal
Lo sir, what nede you haue more testimonie (proue Malicio⁹ iudge.
you heare that he doth him self the sonne of God call,
Doth not the law condemne that blasphemie:
Commaunding such to be slaine great and small:
For a season it behoueth vs to haue pacience, Symon.
I shewed you the reason wherfore of late:
At this season I pray you do your diligence,
And semble rather to loue hym than to hate.
Shall it please you syr, this day to take payne
With me at my house to take some repast,
you shal be welcome doubtlesse I tell you playne,
No great puruuance for you I entend to make.
My meate is to doe his will that hath me sent. Christ.
But syr I thanke you of your great curtesy,
To come to you I shall be very well content,
So that you will appoynt the houre stedily.
All things be in maner ready I thinke verily, Symon.
In the meane season in my gardein we will walke.
Take the paines to go with me, I pray you heartily,
Till dinner be ready, of matters we will talke.
With a good will I will waite vpon you, Christ
Pleaseth it you to go before, you know the way.
Sirra, you see how that we are appointed now,
Make all thyngs ready without delay. Symon.
Sir I will go about as fast as I may, Malicio⁹ iudge.
In good fayth I would that I might haue my will:
I would prepare for hym a galowes this day,
Upon the whiche I desyre his bloud to spill.
A vengeance take hym these, is he gone: Infide-
From Mary Magdalene he did me chace: litie.

From

From Symon the Pharisie he will driue me anon,
So that no where I shal be able to shew my face.

Malicio⁹ iudge. Nay, we are so surely fixed in the Pharisies mynde,
That his blasphemous wordes can not driue vs thẽce
Womens heartes turne oft as doth the wynde,
And agayne of the law they know not the sence,
In malice I haue made them all so blynde,
That they iudge nothyng in Christ aryght:
To the letter of the law so fast I do them bynde,
That of the spirite they haue no maner of light.

Inkide-litie. I will tell thee Malicious Iudgement,
His wordes be of suche strength and great power,
That the diuell hym self and all his rablement,
He is able to expell, and vtterly to deuoure.

Malicio⁹ iudge. Tushe hyde thy self in a Pharisies gowne,
Suche a one as is bordered with the cõmaundemẽts
And then thou maist dwel both in citie and in towne,
Beyng well accepted in all mens iudgements.

Inkide-litie. As for a gowne, I haue one conuenient,
And lo here is a cappe agreing to the same.

Malicio⁹ iudge. As thou saiest, that geare is very ancient,
I warant thee now to escape all blame,
Mary of one thyng thou must take good hede,
As nere as thou canst let him not behold thy face,
Doubt thou not, but he shall haue his mede,
If I remayne with the Iewes any space.

Inkide-litie. And as for the reuerend byshop Cayphas,
With all the Aldermen of Ierusalem,
Will helpe to bryng that matter to passe,
For I am like for euer to dwell with them.

Malicio⁹ iudgemẽt The same Christ dineth with Simon to day,
Who commanded to prepare the table in all hast,

Helpe

Helpe to make all ready, and the cloth to lay,
For surely here he purposeth to take his repast.
By God he shall haue soure sause it may hap, Infidelitie.
Do thy parte, and surely I purpose to watche,
It shal be hard, but we will take hym in a trap.
He shall synde hym here that will hym matche.
Go and fetche trenchers, spoones, salt and bread, Malicio-tudge.
See whether the cookes be ready also I pray thee.
They will come to dynner I dare lay my head,
Before that all things prepared well shall be.
A straw, all this geare wyll quickly be doone, Infidelitie.
The cookes be ready also I am sure.
Let me see, by'r lady it is almost noone,
I maruell that they can so long fastyng endure.
yonder they come, turne thy face out of sight, Malicio-tudge.
Thou must make curtesy downe to the ground.
I would he were hanged by God and by this light. Infidelitie.
For neuer before this day was I thus bound.
Sir now are you welcome, I pray you come nere, Symon.
Fetche in meate syrs, I pray you quickly.
I promise you I byd you for no good chere,
But such as it is, you ar welcome hartily.
Pleaseth it you to washe syr, here is water, Infidelitie.
Let not yonder beggerly felow wash with you.
Can you not a while dissemble the matter? Simon.
It is no tyme to talke of suche geare now.
Will you sit sir, bryng hither a cushion and a stoole.
Set it down I say there, there at the tables ende.
Here is a businesse with a beggerly foole. Infidell.
It greueth me the tyme about him to spende.
Go to, you are welcome hitherto my maister Simon
Thinke your selfe at home in your owne place.

I thanke

Christ. I thanke you sir, I will syt downe euen anone,
But first we will prayse God, and say our grace.
Blessed art thou heauenly father, which of thy mercy
Hast made man to thyne owne image and similitude
Which through Sathans wicked malice and enuie
Was spoiled of thy grace and of ghostly fortitude.
But at this tyme of thy mercy appointed,
Thou hast looked on man, of thy compassion,
And sent thyne owne sonne with thy spirit anoynted,
Which for his synne shall make satisfaction.
Let all creatures praise thee for their creation,
Glory to thy name for their preseruation,
Laude and honour to thee for their restauration,
All thankes to thee for eternall saluation,

Simon. I pray you sitte downe, I pray you heartily,
you are welcom, I pray you eate such as is here,
Go to, I would not haue you to make any curtesy,
I am sory that for you I haue no better chere.

Infidelitie. It is simple chere as you say in dede,
It is to good for him by the Masse,
Haie is good ynough for hym theron to feede,
Or for any such foolishe asse.

Malicious iudge. Marke you not what in his grace he dyd say?
Thou hast set thy sonne anointed with the holy ghost
By these wordes euidently vnderstand we may,
That to be the son of God of him selfe he doth boast.

Simon. Wherof doe you.ii.talk what is the matter,
Is there any thing that doth grutch your conscience?

Malicious iugemet This is the truth of our talke yea I wil not flatter,
your gest said a word wherof I wold haue itelligēce
He thanked God at this tyme nowe appointed,
That on mens synnes he had pitie and compassion,

And

And hath sent his sonne with his spirite anointed,
Which for his sinne should make satisfaction.
Hath God into this world sent his owne sonne:
Or who is the sonne of God I wold be glad to know
Like as now he speaketh, so oft tymes he hath done,
The tyme and place I am able to showe.
I pray you my guest his mynde do you satisfie, Symon.
It is said, that the sonne of God you do your self call.
I am come into this world the truth to testifie, Christ.
Wherof the scripture and the Prophets do witnes all
If I of my self should beare testimonie,
My witnesse of you should not be taken as true,
But there is an other that witnesseth of me verily.
And I know that his testimonie is true.
Of man truely no testimonie do I take:
But I speake these wordes that saued you myght be.
The sonne of God is sent hither for your sake,
Whom in the glorie of his maiestie you shall se.
The workes which to me the father doth geue,
That I may doe them, those workes to you I say,
Beare witnesse, if you haue the grace to beleue,
That the father hath sent me into the world this day.
Besides these workes, the father that hath me sent,
Hath by many scriptures of me testified:
By the whiche the matter is euident,
That my wordes spoken before are verified.
But the father you haue neuer heard speaking,
And what he is by faith you haue neuer sene:
His word you haue not in you remayning.
Therfore to him whom he hath sēt faithful you haue
Serch ỹ scriptures, for you thik in your mind (not bē
That in them you shall obtaine life eternall,

Them to beare witnesse of me you shall fynde,
How I am the sonne of the liuyng God immortall.

Symon. Wel sir, you ar welcom, I wold not haue you to thik
That I did byd you hither to tempt or to proue,
But that I would haue you both to eate and drinke,
Euen as my entier friend, and for very loue.
Wherfore any thing that is here done or sayd,
Shalbe layd vnder foote, and go no further,
For surely if your wordes should be betrayd,
As a blasphemer the people would you murder,

Christ. you know that there is. xi. houres in the day
And night commeth not till the. xii. houres be expired
It is not in mans power my life to take away,
Till the houre commeth of my father required.

Infidelitie. Under the foote quod he if I kepe counsell,
I would I were hanged vp by the very necke.
Fye on hym horeson traitour and very rebell,
Hear you not how god him self he beginneth to checke

Malicious iudge. Though maister Symon doth but few wordes say
Yet I warrant you he beareth this geare in mynde,
Doubt thou not but he will synde suche way,
That he shal be ryd and as many as be of his kynde.

Simon. Go to I pray you, alacke you eate no meate:
you see that at this tyme we haue but plaine fare.

Christ When we haue sufficient before vs to eate,
Let vs thanke God, and put away all care.

Mary Magdalen sadly apparelled. The more that I accustom my self with repentance,
The more I see myne owne synne and iniquitie,
The more knowledge therof, the more greuance,
To a soule that is conuerted from hir impietie.
To all the worlde an example I may be,
In whom the mercy of Christ is declared,

O Lord

O Lord, what goodnesse dydst thou in me see?
That thus mercifully thou hast me spared.
What goodnesse? nay rather what a rable of euils,
Full of wickednesse, like one past all grace,
Replenished with a multitude of deuils;
Which as in hell in my soule had their place.
These were the merites and deedes that I had,
Onely thy vnspeakable mercy did me preuent:
And though that my life hath bene so bad,
Yet thou wilt no more but that I should repent.
O who shall geue me a fountayne of teares,
That I may shed abundantly for my synne?
This voice of the Lord alwais soundeth in myn eares
Repent, repent, and thou shalt be sure heauen to wyn.
He saith also, do the fruictes of Repentance.
O Lord, who is able those worthy fruictes to do?
I am not able to doe sufficient penance,
Except thy grace good Lord, do helpe me therto.
But like as the parts of my body in tymes past,
I haue made seruants to all kynd of iniquitie,
The same iniquitie alway for euer I do cast,
And will make my body seruant to the verite.
This haire of my head which I haue abused,
I repute vile and vnworthie to wipe my lordes fete,
No obsequie therwith of me shalbe refused,
To do my Lord Iesus seruice, as it is most mete.
These flesshly eies which with their wanton lookes,
Many persons to synne and vice haue procured.
They haue ben the diuels volumes and bookes,
Which from the seruice of God haue other allured.
Nowe you synfull eyes shed out teares and water,
Wash the Lords fete with thē whō you haue offended

To shew such obsequie to hym it is a small matter,
Which by his grace hath my synfull life amended.
O wretched eies can you wepe for a thing tempozall,
As for the losse of wozldly goodes and parents,
And can you not wepe for the lozde celestiall?
Which losse incomparably passeth all detrimentes.
With this oyntment most pure and precious,
I was wont to make this carkas pleasant and swete
Wherby it was made mozе wicked and vicious,
And to all vnthziftynesse very apt and mete.
Now would I gladly this oyntment bestowe,
About the innocent feete of my sauiour,
That by these penitent fruictes my lozd may know
That I am right sozy foz my sinfull behauiour.
All my wozldly substance abused befoze,
And thzough vnbelief of synne made instruments,
Now will I bestow them onely to his honoz,
In helpyng hym, and foz his sake other innocents.
I shall not ceasse to seeke till my lozd I haue found,
He is in the house of Symon I heard say,
The house standeth on yonder same ground:
It was told me that he dyneth there to day.
I was not ashamed to synne befoze the Lozdes sight
And shal I be ashamed befoze mã the same to cõfesse?
To my Lozd Jesus, now fozth will I go right,
Acknowledgyng to him my penitent heart doubtlesse

Let Marie creepe vnder the table, abydyng there a certayne space behynd, and doe as it is specified in the Gospell. Then Malicious Judgement speaketh these wozdes to Infidelitie.

Malicious iugemẽt
Lo syz, what a felow this is, it doth appere,
If he were suche a pzophet, as of him selfe he doth say,

He

He would know what maner of woman this same is
A sinner she is, he can not say nay. (here.
A sinner quod he? yea she is a wicked sinner in dede Infidelitie.
This is she, from whom he did me expell,
Behold, how boldly after hym she doth procede.
A harlot she is truly I may tell you in counsell.
Yea and yet to touche hym he doth her permit, Malicious iudge.
Which is agaynst the law for persons defiled,
Ought not among the iust to intromit,
But from their company should be exiled.
I pray you see, how busy about hym she is, Malicious iudge.
She washeth his feet with teares of hir eyes,
Heigh, mary yonder is like to be nothyng amisse.
Behold, she anoynteth him to driue away flies.
Trow you ỹ maister Symon thinketh not somwhat?
Yes I hold you a groate, though he say nothing.
He is not content I warant you that, Malicious iudge.
Which thyng you may see by his lookyng.
Syrs, take away here, we will no more now, Symon.
This fyrst: Are you in such things to be tought?
What meane you, wherabout do you looke,
I maruell wherabout you do occupy your thought.
Simon, the truth is so, I haue a thing in my mynd Jesus Christ.
Which vnto you I must nedes expresse and say.
Maister, say what you will, wordes are but wynde, Simon.
I will heare you truely, as paciently as I may.
There were two detters, whom I dyd well know, Christ
Whiche were in debt to a lender that was thriftie:
The one fine hundred pence truely did owe,
And the other ought not aboue fiftie:
Neither of these debters had wherwith to pay,
Wherfore the lender forgaue both, as it dyd behoue.

Nowe according to your iudgement I pray you say,
Which of these detters ought the lender most loue?

Symon. Mary, he to whom most was forgiuen I suppose,
In few wordes truly you haue heard my sentence.

Christ. You haue rightly iudged, and to the purpose.
Absoluyng my question like a man of science,
See you this woman? I know that in your hertes
You condemne her as a synner very vnmete
To enter among you, and to touche any partes,
Of my body, yea either head or feete:
Saying among your selues, if this were a Prophet,
He would know what maner a woman this is
Which thus commeth in while we be at meate,
A sinner she is, and hath done greatly amisse.
I say vnto you, that into this world I am come
To call suche great detters vnto repentance,
The iust, which in their cōceits owe but a small sūme
Haue no nede of their creditours deliuerance.

Infidelitie. What a thief is this? he iudgeth our masters thoght,
If we destroy hym not, he will surely marre all.

Malicio⁹ iudge. I euer sayd that he was worse than nought,
But among vs puruey for him we shall.

Symon. Sir, you take vpon you very presumptuously,
I haue bydden you vnto my house here of good will,
And you reason of matters here contemptuously:
But take your pleasure, it shall not greatly skill.

Christ. I say vnto you, that for this cause was I borne,
To beare witnesse vnto the veritie,
I see who be hypocrites full of dissemblyng scorne,
And who be persons of faith and simplicitie.
Where as you thinke you haue done me pleasure,
In bidding me to eate and drinke with you here,

Your

your intent was to shew your richesse and treasure,
And that your holynesse might to me appeare.
But this woman hath shewed to me a little obsequie:
For these gestures whiche she sheweth to me,
Procede from a true meanyng heart verily,
As by her humilite plainly you may see.
When I came into your house the truth to say,
you gaue me no water to washe my feete withall,
This woman hath washed them here this day,
With the teares of her eies which on them did fall,
With the haire of hir head she hath wiped the same,
Thinking all other clothes therto ouer vile,
Horrible in hir sight is hir synne and blame,
Thinkyng hir self worthy of eternall exile.
You gaue me no kisse as the maner of the countrey is
But this woman since the tyme that I came in,
Would not presume my head or mouth to kisse,
But my feete, lamenting in hir heart for hir syn.
My head you did not anoynt with oyle so swete,
As men of this countrey do their guestes vse,
But with most precious balme she anointed my fete,
No cost about that oyntment she doth refuse.
Blessed are they, as the Prophete doth say,
Whose sinnes are forgiuen & couered by Gods mercy,
Not by the dedes of the lawe as you thinke this day,
But of Gods good will, fauour and grace freely.
At this womans synne you do greatly grutche,
As though your selues were iust, holy, and pure,
But many sinnes are forgiuen hir, bicause she loued (muche
And of the mercy of God she is sure.
He to whom but a little is remitted in dede,
Loueth but a little, we se by experience:

All haue sinned, and of Gods glory haue nede.
Therfore humble your selues with penitence.
I say to thee woman, thy sinnes are forgeuen all,
God for my sake will not them to thee impute:
For strength to continue, to hym do thou call,
And see that thankes thou do to hym attribute.

Mary. The mercy of God is aboue all his workes truely,
What is it that God is not able to bryng to passe:
I thanke thee Lord Jesu for thy great mercy,
Thou art the sonne of the liuyng God, our Messias.

Malicio-tudge. Now say you by this, here is a greater matter yet,
He forgiueth synnes, as one with God equall.

Infidelitie. And he may perceiue truely, that hath any wit,
That he is but a man wretched and mortall.

Christ. Woman I say, thy faith hath saued thee go in peace:
Now art thou pacified in thy conscience,
Through thy faithe, I doe all thy sinnes release,
Assuryng thee to haue mercy for thy negligence.

Mary. O ioyfull tydynges, O message most comfortable,
Let no sinner be he neuer in so great dispaire.
Though he were synfull and abhominable,
Let him come, and he will make hym faire.
Blessed be the Lord of such compassion and pitie,
Praise we his name with glorie and honor,
I shall declare his mercy in toune and citie.
Thankes be to thee my Lord now and euermore.

Symon. I see the wordes whiche I haue heard, proued true,
Men say that you are new fangled, and friuolous,
Goyng about the law and our rulers to subdue,
Introducyng sectes perillous and seditious.

Malicio-tudge. I can no longer containe, but must say my mynde,
In dede it is so, for by his diuelishe erudition,

Which

Which he soweth among the people of our kynde,
At length they will make a tumult and sedition.
Such blasphemy since the beginning was not heard,
That a man shal call him self Gods naturall sonne,
To condemne the law of God he is not afeard,
Despisyng all things that our fathers haue done.
Pleaseth it you reuerend father, to geue me licence Infidelitie.
To say my mynde to this blasphemerand thiefe,
In fewe wordes you shall haue my sentence:
Of all heretikes I iudge hym to be the thiefe.
Perceiue you not how he doth begyn:
He commeth to none of the princes and gouerners,
But a sort of synners he goeth about to wyn:
As publicans, whores, harlots, and vniust occupiers.
Them he preferreth before such men as you be,
Saying, that they before you shall be saued.
An honest man in his company you shall not see,
But euen them, which haue them selues yll behaued.
Much good doe it you, here is sause for your meate.
Maister Simon, looke vpon this felow in season,
For in continuance he will worke such a feate,
That you shall not releale with all your reason.
O Symon, put away that Malicious iudgement, Christ.
Which in your heart you do stubbornly contayne,
You shall not perceiue Gods commandement,
As long as he in your conscience doth remayne.
Lo syr now that God he hath blasphemed, Malicious iugemēt
Now his law he doth contemne and despise,
The Iustice therof of hym is nothyng esteemed,
To destroy the same vtterly he doth deuise.
Thinke you vs ignorant of gods law and will, Symon.
Which vpon our garments do them weare.

Who but we doe the law of God fulfill,
For his precepts with vs in all places we beare.

Christ. To fulfill the law requireth Gods spirite,
For the law is holy, iust, and spirituall,
Of loue to be obserued it is requisite,
And not of these obseruances externall.
As long as you haue this malicious iudgement,
Accompanied with Infidelitie,
I say you can not kepe Gods commaundement,
Though you shew an outward sanctitie.

Infidelitie. Lo syr here he calleth me Infidelitie,
And you know that I am called Legal Iustification
You heare that it was spoken by Gods maiestie,
That a man shall liue by the lawes obseruation.
In honest guest, come out dogge, yea mary,
Good maners thus to taunt a man at his table:
But with fooles it is follie to vary,
His wordes be taken but as a tale or a fable.

Symon. Away with this geare, how long shall we syt here:
At once: We haue somewhat els to do I thinke.

Christ. Thankes be to thee O Father, for this chere,
Thankes be to thee for our repast of meate & drinke.
Now sir, you shall licence me to depart,
And the heauenly Father might illumine your mynd
Expellyng this infidelitie from your hart,
Which with Malicious iudgemēt kepeth you blynd.

Symon. Fare ye well: for me you shall no countes render,
All shall be layd vnder the feete that is here spoken.

Infide. Exit. Though you forget it, yet we purpose to remember
you know the way, go I pray you, the doore is open.

Malicio⁹ iudge. For Gods sake syr, you and such as you be,
Looke vpon this felow by myne aduise:

For

For what he goth about all you may see,
Yea you haue had warnyng of hym twise or thrise.
All the multitude beginneth after him to ronne, Infidelitie.
you see hym and know his doctrine and opinion,
If you suffer hym till more people he hath wonne,
Strangers shall come and take our dominion.
Haue you not heard his open blasphemie:
The sonne of God he presumeth him self to name,
The Justice of the lawe he condemneth vtterly,
To suffer him to lyue will turne to your shame.
It shall behoue you to dog him from place to place, Symon.
Note whether openly he teache suche doctrine:
If he doe, accuse hym before his face,
For I will cause the byshops hym to examine.
And where as he willeth you vs to expell, Infidelitie.
Callyng vs wicked nicknames at his pleasure,
He goeth about to make you to rebell
Against God & his lawes, as he doth without measure
For my part I wil watche hym so narowly, Malicio⁹ tugemēt
That a word shall not scape me that doth sounde
Agaynst you the fathers, that liue so holyly,
But to accuse hym for it a way shalbe found.
Well the tyme of our euenyng seruice is at hand, Symon.
We must depart, the sacrifice to prepare.
If you depart, we may not here vdle stande, Infideli.
For to wayte vpon you at all tymes ready we are. Exeunt.
At my beyng here euen now of late,
It pleased my Lord Jesus of his great mercy Mary.
To speake sentences here in my presence. entreth
Of the which I haue no perfect intelligence, with Iustificatiō
The fyrst is: Many sinnes are forgiuen hir sayd he,
Because she hath loued much, meanyng me,

I pray you most holy Justification,
Of this sentence to make a declaration.
Justifica tion. A question right necessary to be moued,
For therby many errors shall be reproued,
It were a great errour for any man to beleue
That your loue dyd deserue that Christ shold forgeue
Your synnes or trespasses, or any synne at all:
For so to beleue is an errour fanaticall.
And how can your loue desyre forgiuenesse of your pl
Seing that the law it is not able to fulfill:
The law thus commaundeth as touchyng loue:
Thou shalt loue thy Lord God as it doth behoue,
With al thy hert, with al thy soule, & w al thy strēgth,
And thy neighbor as thy self. He saith also at length:
There was neuer man borne yet that was able,
To performe these preceptes iust, holy, and stable,
Saue onely Jesus Christ, that lambe most innocent
Which fulfilleth the law for suche as are penitent:
But loue foloweth forgiuenesse of synnes euermore,
As a fruict of faith, and goth not before,
In that parable which vnto you he recited,
Wherin he declared your sinnes to be acquited,
He called you a detter not able to pay.
Then your loue paid not your dets perceiue you may
The forgiuenesse of your sinnes you must referre,
Only to Christes grace, then you shall not erre.
Of this thing playn knowledge you may haue
In these wordes go in peace thy fayth doth thee saue.
So by faith in Christ you haue Justification
Frely of his grace, and beyond mans operation,
The which Justification here I do represent,
Which remayn with all suche as be penitent.

Here

Here commeth loue a speciall fruicte of Faith,
As touchyng this, heare mekely what he saith.
O how much am I vnto Jesus Chryst bound, Mary
In whom so great mercy & goodnesse I haue found:
Not onely my synfull lyfe he hath renued.
But also with many graces he hathe me endued,
I am named loue, from true faith procedyng, Loue en
Where I am, there is no vertue nedyng, treth.
Loue commyng of a conscience immaculate,
And of a faith not fained nor simulate,
Is the end of the law as Scripture doth say,
And vnto eternall felicitie the very path way:
This loue grounded in Faith, as it is sayd,
Hath caused many euyls in men to be layd.
For where as the loue of God in any is perfite,
There in all good workes is his whole delite.
This true loue with Mary was present verily,
When to Chryst she shewed that obsequie,
But this loue dyd procede from belene,
When Chryst of his mercy dyd hir sinnes forgeue,
Loue deserued not forgeuenesse of sinnes in dede,
But as a fruite therof truely it did succede.
Of this matter we might tary very long, Justifica
But then we should do our audience wrong, tion.
Which gently hath heard vs here a long space,
Wherfore we will make an end nowe by Gods grace,
Prayyng God that all we example may take
Of Mary, our synfull lyues to forsake:
And no more to looke backe, but to go forward still
Folowyng Chryst as she did and his holy will.
Such persons we introduce into presence, Loue.
To declare the conuersion of hir offence.

Fyrſt, the lawe made a playne declaration,
That ſhe was a chylde of eternall damnation:
By hearyng of the law came knowledge of ſynne,
Then for to lament truely ſhe dyd begynne.
Nothyng but deſperation dyd in hir remayne,
Lokyng for none other comfort but for hell payne.
But Chriſt whoſe nature is mercy to haue,
Came into this worlde ſynners to ſaue,
Which preached repentance ſynnes to forgeue,
To as many as in hym faithfully dyd beleue.
By the word came faith, Faith brought penitence,
But bothe the gyft of Gods magnificence.
Thus by Faith onely, Marie was iuſtified,
Like as before it is playnly verified,
From thens came loue, as a teſtification
Of Gods mercy and her iuſtification.

Mary. Now God graunt that we may go the ſame way,
That with ioy we may ryſe at the laſt day,
To the ſaluation of ſoule and body euermore,
Through Chriſt our Lord, to whom be all honor.

FINIS.